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OF PLAYS

A DAY IN COURT

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LADY BOUNTIFUL Play in Four Acts. Eight males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, four interiors, not easy. Plays a full evening.

LETTY Drama in Four Acts and an Epilogue. Ten males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery complicated. Plays a full evening.

THE MAGISTRATE Farce in Three Acts. Twelve males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, an interior. Plays two hours and a half.

Sent prepaid on receipt of price by

Walter H. Baker & Company

No. 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Massachusetts

A Day In Court

A Burlesque on a Justice of the
Peace's Court

By

JAY CLAY POWERS

*Author of "If I Only Had a Million," "Bonnie's
Christmas Eve," etc.*

*First produced in San Antonio, Texas, December 9, 1914, and
repeated in Austin, Texas, March 4 and 27, in Cleburne,
Texas, April 16 and May 11, 1915.*



BOSTON
WALTER H. BAKER & CO.

1916

A Day In Court

CHARACTERS

(Arranged in the order in which they speak.)

UNLUCKY MOSE.
DAN, *the clerk*.
JUDGE MUCKENFUSS.
POLICEMAN.
TAYLOR HOLMES.
LIZZIE SIMS.
JIM THOMPSON.

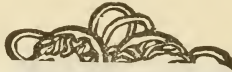
RASTUS SIMMONS.
JACK JOHNSON.
MELISSA JENKINS.
SUSANNA HUFFY.
ALLIE ALLISON.
SKINNY HUFFY, *a boy*.
TINY HUFFY, *a girl*.

First produced as afterpiece of Ladies' Minstrel, Beethoven Hall, San Antonio, Texas, December 9, 1914, by Adah and San Antonio Chapters Order of Eastern Star.

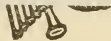
ORIGINAL CAST

UNLUCKY MOSE	Miss Helen Gordon
DAN, <i>the clerk</i>	Mrs. Beulah La France
JUDGE MUCKENFUSS	Mrs. Sallie Luke
POLICEMAN	Mrs. P. H. Bethge
TAYLOR HOLMES	Miss Noretta Brown
LIZZIE SIMS	Mrs. C. B. Watters
JIM THOMPSON	Mrs. H. B. Vodrie
RASTUS SIMMONS	Mrs. R. M. Walmsley
JACK JOHNSON	Miss Lillian Wagner
MELISSA JENKINS	Miss Lucille Morris
SUSANNA HUFFY	Mrs. C. A. Soule
ALLIE ALLISON	Miss Gertrude Saynisch
SKINNY HUFFY	Miss Stella Vodrie
TINY HUFFY	Miss Florence Vodrie

NOTE.—Local names of streets, towns, and persons should be substituted for those that occur in the body of the text.



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JAN -7 1916

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no. 1.

\$0.15

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A Day In Court

SCENE.—*Court of a negro Justice of the Peace. Entrance back C., to which an aisle leads between rows of chairs, R. and L. Raised platform at R., on which are placed the Judge's desk and chair. At L. of this platform, and resting against it, are the Clerk's desk and chair.*

(At rise of curtain, DAN is seated at his desk, busy with the court docket. A number of court loungers are seated. UNLUCKY MOSE, a gawky, country nigger, enters.)

MOSE. Kin you-all tell me whose court this is?

DAN. Yes, suh. This is Jedge Muckenfuss's court. I thought everybody know'd that.

MOSE. But you see, Jedge —

DAN. Look a-here, nigger! I ain't the Jedge, I'm only the clerk of this here court. What's your name, and where did you come from, nohow?

MOSE. They calls me Unlucky Mose, and I comes from Castroville.

DAN. I might 'a' know'd it. What's your business with his honor?

MOSE. His who?

DAN. His honor, the Jedge, Jedge Muckenfuss.

MOSE. Oh, I ain't got no business with him. I jest wanted to know if this was his court. Do he marry people what wants to git married?

DAN. Well, you didn't s'pose he married people what didn't want to git married, did you?

MOSE. Oh, no, nothin' like that. Is it all right if I set down in here for a while?

DAN. Course you kin. That's what them chairs was made for. Take any empty seat you want to. *(MOSE sits on front row extreme L.)* I might 'a' know'd that fool nigger come from Castroville. There must be some case on the way here from Castroville that he's interested in.

Enter JUDGE MUCKENFUSS, a pompous old negro, followed by POLICEMAN.

JUDGE. Good-morning, Dan.

DAN. Mornin', Jedge.

JUDGE (*sitting at his desk*). Pronounce the benediction, Dan.

DAN (*rising and holding up right hand*). Hear ye, hear ye! The honorable court is now open. God bless the court; God bless the Jedge; God bless the grand old Commonwealth of Texas. . . . Take your hats off'n your heads, niggers; quit spittin' 'baccy juice and let the court have your undivided attention. (*Sits.*)

JUDGE. Read the first case on the docket, Dan.

DAN (*reading*). "State against Taylor Holmes. Defendant is charged with purloining a chicken from the residence of Honorable Nat Washer." (*To POLICE.*) Bring in that chicken thief!

POLICE. Yes, suh.

(*Salutes; turns sharply on heel and exits. Reënters dragging in TAYLOR HOLMES, a negro tramp.*)

JUDGE. Are you the defendant?

TAY. I reckon so, Jedge; I dunno.

JUDGE. Do you plead guilty?

TAY. No, sah, no, sah; I pleads not guilty.

JUDGE. But I understood that this officer found the stolen goods, to wit: One long-legged Shanghai rooster, on your person, when he arrested you last night.

POLICE. Yes, your honor, I did.

TAY. Well, you see, Jedge, it was jest this a-way: I was passin' the alley that leads in back of Mr. Washer's residence about 'leben last night, when I hears a distressful sound. 'Pears to me like a dog a-barkin' and a poor little chicken a-cacklin'. I started to go on 'bout my business—wisht now I had—but I was afeered somethin' was a-disturbin' them fowls of Mr. Washer's. Jest while I was meditatatin' what to do next, the cacklin' grew louder, and a big ole red rooster run up to me and jumped clean up under my coat and hid there. I was jest about to make him git down agin, when I heerd that dog a-comin', lickity-split, so I jest run as fast as my legs would carry me, but, honest to goodness, Jedge, I was only tryin' to save that poor ole rooster from gittin' all bit up. If I hadn't

run into this here policeman I would have returned that fowl to Mr. Washer to-day.

JUDGE. The court will attend to the aforesaid fowl. Is that all?

TAY. Yes, suh.

JUDGE. How much money have you got?

TAY. Nary a nickel, Judge. I had forty cents on me when I was arrested, but I sent for Lawyer Ransom Tolliver, and he took it away from me as a detainer.

JUDGE. Well, I'll detain you thirty days on the chain gang. Next case, Dan.

TAY. But, Judge —

JUDGE. Take him away!

(POLICE. *drags TAY. to exit.*)

TAY. (*resisting POLICE.*). But, Judge—but, Judge —

JUDGE. Take him away! (POLICE. *exits with TAY.*) Next case, Dan.

DAN (*reading*). “Lizzie Sims and Jim Thompson, charged with breach of the peace and dischargin’ firearms in the city.” (*Calls.*) Bring in them two fightin’ niggers!

Enter POLICE. between LIZZIE SIMS and JIM THOMPSON, holding each by an arm. LIZ. is a stylishly dressed, saucy negress; JIM, a slow, heavy-footed negro; his head is bandaged.

JUDGE. You niggers are charged with fightin’, shootin’, and cuttin’ up in an otherwise unlawful and disreputfull manner. Jim, as you seem to have come off second best in this here society fracas, we’ll hear your story first.

JIM. Well, Judge, we was down to the Janitors’ Hop last night, me and Miss Lizzie. She went with me, and before we left her house she promised not to dance a single time with that barber, Rab Williams. ’Bout ’leben o’clock I went outside to git a drink of some—some—some lemonade, and when I come back the first couple I see is Lizzie and Rab, a-dancin’. I jest run up to her and says: “Lizzie, ain’t you ’shame’ to do me this a-way? If you don’t leave Rab and come with me this minute I’m goin’ home and tell your mammy on you.” Then she says: “Rab, did you ever see a nigger run?” He says, “No.” Then she pulls out a gun about a foot long and says: “Nigger, burn the pike!” I took one look at her eyes and a look at that gun, and I know’d Lizzie meant business. I

started for the door, but the bullet got there first. This mornin', when I come to, this here policeman told me she'd done flattened the bullet from a forty-four 'gainst my coco.

LIZ. Judge, that nigger certainly kin prevaricate. The truth ain't in him, or, if it is, it's so far in it won't come out. I'm a-gona tell your honor the cross my heart, honest to goodness, gospel truth. I went to the ball with this here falsifier, I admit to that. But that is the onliest truth that he done told. There wasn't nothin' said 'bout my dancin' with nobody, least of all Mr. Rab Williams. Jim's first wife, Mandy Waters, was there and she was moonshinin' around Jim, and the doggone lyin', deceitful, cheatin', double-dealin' villain seemed tickled to death with her intentions. He invited her outside to have a drink with him—and 'twasn't lemonade he had in that bottle, neither. He's deceivin' your honor when he says it was. Jest to make him notice me a little, I consented to dance with Mr. Williams—not but what I had a right to, anyway. When Jim come back in and see me in Mr. Williams's embrace, he roared like that old bull of Deacon Jones's, and started at us, pullin' a gun about two feet long as he run. Mr. Williams jumped out the window in haste. I tried to follow him but Jim grabbed me. "Jim," I says, "don't hurt your baby girl." "Ungracious wench," says he, "this forty-four'll do my talkin'." With that he pointed the gun at me, and I jumped at him and grabbed the gun, and we fell on the floor and rolled over and over, and the gun went off and Jim got shot right in the haid. Judge, that's my alibi.

JUDGE. Is that all either of you has got to say?

JIM. Yes, sah.

LIZ. Yes, Judge, that's all.

JUDGE. Then all I've got to say is: There appearin' to be a slight circumlocution and decrepency in the testimony of the beligerents, I must fine you each two dollars apiece and costs.

LIZ. (*pulling up skirt and unpinning dollar bill from stocking*). Judge, I'se only got a one-dollar bill here with me, but I'se got another one jest like it at home under my Big Ben.

JIM. So has I got it at home, Judge.

JUDGE. The court excuses you both for one hour on your own recognition, in order that you may fetch that money here.

LIZ. Yes, Judge.

JIM. Thank you, Judge.

LIZ. (*as she and JIM go up stage*). Judge Muckenfuss shore is a fine gentleman.

JIM. Yes, indeedy; he's the best of the bunch on the bench. [They exeunt.]

DAN. The next case on the docket is Rastus Simmons, charged with gaming at Wilbur Shandy's, on Green Street. Bring in that sporty nigger!

POLICE. Yes, suh.

(Exits, and reënters, dragging in RASTUS SIMMONS, a classy coon.)

JUDGE. Rastus, you are charged with playin' poker down at Shandy's place. What have you got to say for yourself?

RASTUS. Not guilty, your honor. Absolutely not guilty.

JUDGE. Officer, wasn't Rastus in the game with those other niggers that pleaded guilty yesterday?

POLICE. He most cert'n'y was, your honor, and he had a handful of cards and a stack of chips, same as the rest.

JUDGE. Is that true, Rastus?

RASTUS. In a measure, yes, your honor. But there were insinuating circumstances; yes, suh.

JUDGE. Cease parleyin', Rastus, and state your defense to the court.

RASTUS. Cert'n'y, suh. On the night in question, I was peacefully amblin' along Green Street and jest chanced perchance to pass by Wilbur Shandy's. As I came abreast, or opposite, to his door, a man, whom I have never seen before and ain't seen since, come out of the door and said to me: "Young man, I haven't the pleasure of your acquaintance, but, nevertheless, I can see, even in the dim moonlight, that you are a young man ——"

JUDGE. That preliminary conversation is irreverent to the issue in point! Proceed!

RASTUS. Anyway, he requested me to enter the house with him. When we got into the room where they was playin' he asked me jest to keep his seat warm for him while he went to do some long distance telephoning. Honest to goodness, Jedge, I was jest holdin' down his place for him when this here officer run in and arrested the whole kiboodle of us. That's all I got to say.

JUDGE. What was the name of that mysterious stranger?

RASTUS. I ain't done never asked him, your honor. He didn't come back from the telephone.

JUDGE. How much mazuma have you got, Rastus?

RASTUS. I ain't got none, Jedge. I couldn't 'a' got in the game if I'd wanted to.

JUDGE. Six months in jail, you pauper, at hard labor. Next case, Dan.

RASTUS. Look a-here, Jedge, does you mean that?

JUDGE. Next case, Dan.

RASTUS. Jest a minute, Jedge. I might raise some money, I might raise a little.

JUDGE. Rastus, you're in contempt of court and obstructin' justice. How much you got?

RASTUS. I've got a little money hid away—'bout twenty dollars.

JUDGE. Then I remits the prison sentence and fines this poker shark 'bout twenty dollars. Produce.

RASTUS (*pulling off shoe and taking money from it*). Here's all I got, seventeen dollars and forty-four cents.

JUDGE. Slip the amount to the clerk and stand acquitted.

(*RASTUS gives the money to DAN with a big sigh, and takes a chair in the court room.*)

DAN (*reading*). Melissa Jenkins and Jack Johnson, charged with being drunk and dancin' on Main Street, and resistin' an officer. Bring in them fox-trothin' coons.

POLICE. Yes, suh.

(*Exit and returns with MELISSA JENKINS, a loudly dressed young negress, and JACK JOHNSON, a flashily dressed negro.*)

JUDGE. You are charged with being intoxicated and persistently dancin' on Main Street, and with startin' a rough-house when ordered to desist by an officer. Didn't you know that the place for you all to git drunk and dance in this city is Snow Street, and not Main?

JACK. We wasn't drunk, your honor.

MEL. No, we wasn't drunk, your honor.

JUDGE. Well, you all danced, didn't you?

JACK. It was this a-way, Jedge: We was jest walkin' peacefully along the thoroughfare when a band turned the corner and started playin' sech a grand ole rag that we couldn't keep our feet still.

JUDGE. What did you do?

MEL. We kin show you, Jedge, better than we can tell you. Come on, Jack, and git a strangle hold.

JACK. I'm Johnny-on-the-job!

(Music. They burlesque the late dances. At conclusion MEL. makes low bow to JUDGE.)

MEL. That's all we done, Jedge.

JUDGE *(who, with DAN, has taken a lively interest in the dancing)*. The case stands dismissed without any prejudice whatsoever!

DAN. That concludes the docket, your honor.

[Exit POLICE.]

(First LIZ., and then JIM, enter and pay their fines.)

POLICE. *(entering and saluting JUDGE)*. Your honor, there's a handsome couple in the antic room waitin' their turn to git spliced.

JUDGE. This is my busy day. Show them in! *(Officer exits. Music: A wedding march. POLICE. enters, grandly, followed by ALLIE ALLISON, a diminutive groom, SUSANNA HUFFY, a large, fat bride, holding to ALLIE's left arm. POLICE. bows low, lets them pass him, and exits. ALLIE carries a large suit-case on which is printed in large letters: "Castroville." MOSE exhibits excitement.)* Are you young people contemplating matrimony?

SUS. No, Jedge, we jest wants to git married.

DAN. Have you procured your license?

ALLIE. A man down at the court house sold us dis here paper for a dollar and a half. *(Gives license to DAN.)*

DAN *(inspecting license)*. Their license is all right, your honor. Names, please?

SUS. Susanna Angelina Huffy.

ALLIE. Mah name's Allie Allison.

DAN. I suppose you know the Jedge's customary fee for performin' a weddin' ceremony is five dollars?

ALLIE *(confused)*. I'se only got four bits left. I—I——

JUDGE *(hastily coming off rostrum)*. 'Course if four bits is all you've got I ain't a-goin' to let you young people go away disappointed. Jest slip the change to the clerk, and stand steady. *(They do so.)* In times of stress, and war and death, in times of confusion and financial combustion, when all our habits and customs are more or less deranged, it affords me

pleasure to know that marriage and matrimony, like the poetic brook, runneth on forever. Jine hands !

(*They do so.*)

DAN. Allie Allison, you're on the wrong side.

(*Places ALLIE to L. of SUS., and stands on ALLIE'S L., as best man.*)

JUDGE (*resuming*). Susanna Angelina Huffy and Allie Allison stand before me seeking henceforth to live as one—which one the Lord only knows. But, nevertheless, if any one knows of a reason, good or bad, why this handsome young couple should not ally themselves in lawful wedlock, I call on him now to out with it, or forever afterward to shut up and keep still.

MOSE (*rising from extreme L.*). Jedge, I knows a reason, I does ! I knows a reason !

(*ALLIE crouches to R. of SUS., DAN to R. of ALLIE.*)

SUS. (*hands in air*). 'Fore de Lawd, Unlucky Mose done ketched me !

JUDGE. State your reason to the court !

MOSE. 'Cause she's already my promised bride ; that's de reason.

SUS. Don't believe him, Jedge ! I wouldn't marry dat nigger if he was de last man on earf and I was livin' at de Norf Pole, and it was forty degrees below zero !

MOSE. I know what's de matter with you. Youse under de spell of dat pin-headed, pudd'n-headed Allie Allison. Dat's what's de matter. But I'll fix him, I will !

(*Advances with razor.*)

SUS. (*pulling razor*). Back up, nigger, back up ! I'll whittle you into toothpicks !

JUDGE. Police ! Police !

(*POLICE. runs in.*)

POLICE. (*pointing pistol at MOSE*). Nigger, drop that ra-zoo ! (*MOSE drops razor.*) Come with me !

(*Drags MOSE to exit.*)

MOSE. I'll git even with you, Susanna; I'll git even with you!
[Exit, in custody of officer.]

JUDGE (*resuming*). We'd better rush this ceremony through before somebody gits killed! (DAN places ALLIE at L. of SUS., and stands at L. of ALLIE as before.) Will you take this afore-said woman to be your lawful wedded wife, and promise all kinds of things that maybe you will, and maybe you won't fill full—I mean full fill?

ALLIE. Yes, sah.

JUDGE. And will you, Susanna Angelina Huffy, do the same to this—this little scrawney nigger? I forgits his nom-de-boco.

SUS. Yes, sah.

JUDGE. Then kiss each other (*they do so*), and I pronounces you man and wife. (*Grandiloquently.*) It's the custom of the Jedge to sample the sweets hisself. (*Kisses SUS.*)

DAN. If she's givin' away samples I'll take one, too. (*Is about to kiss her.* JUDGE pulls him away.) What's the matter, Jedge? What's the matter?

JUDGE. Minors not allowed. Now, court stands adjourned. Will somebody start up a good ole song in honor of the newly-weds? (*A performer sings a good rag.*) Hit up "*Turkey in the Straw*," and see the poultry scratch!

(*Music: "Turkey in de Straw."* First one performer and then another jigs. ALLIE dances around one of the lady dancers and SUS. rushes him back to his seat. An old woman, with red bandanna around her head, jigs. She catches the JUDGE's fancy and he jigs around her. He drops down on one knee and she puts foot on his other knee, and he dusts off her shoe with silk handkerchief.)

Enter MOSE, excitedly.

ALL. Look out! Watch out! Unlucky Mose!

(*All scatter in alarm.*)

JUDGE. Unlucky Mose, are you lookin' for trouble agin?

MOSE. No, Jedge; no, Jedge. I done thought better of it. (*Goes to exit and brings on SKINNY HUFFY and TINY HUFFY. Come to front.*) I jest brought these children of Susanna's to see their new steppappy.

CHILDREN. Mammy, mammy!

(*They run to SUS.*)

ALLIE. Susanna's children? Jedge, dat mis'able, deceitful wench ain't done nebber tole me she had no children! Jedge, I wants mah two dollahs back, and mah di-voce!

MOSE. Give them to him, Jedge, and I'll marry Susannah and pay you a four dollar fee!

JUDGE. The court takes the case under advisement!

(Performers catch hands and sing fast closing chorus.)

CURTAIN

CAUGHT OUT

A Farce in Three Acts

By H. Manley Dana

Nine male, two female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, one interior. Plays an hour and a half. De Witt Boyd is jollied into making a foolish bet that he will propose to Bess Mason and be rejected. She overhears the plot and accepts him instead, thus getting both herself and him into all kinds of a mess. A baseball play, full of action and interest, recommended to high schools. Easy and effective; free from royalty.

Price, 15 cents

CHARACTERS

BILL RANDOLPH	}	<i>playing on the Carlton Springs summer baseball team.</i>
DICK ROGERS		
JACK DAVIS		
GEORGE BROWN		
KENNETH MARSH		
CHARLIE KING		
DE WITT BOYD,		<i>manager of the team.</i>
HARRY WILKES,		<i>formerly an Amherst pitcher; now wanted to pitch on the Carlton team.</i>
MR. WEAVER,		<i>afflicted with sunstroke. Has come to Carlton Springs to take the cure.</i>
BESS MASON	}	<i>both staying at the Carlton Springs Hotel.</i>
CHRISTABEL LEE		
HOTEL WAITERS.		

Remainder of team and substitutes.

A TAKING WAY

A Farce in One Act

By Innis G. Osborn

Four male, two female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, one interior. Plays forty-five minutes. Jacobus Harwinton, a newly-wed with a very jealous better half, gets by mistake into John Halsey's flat, taking it for that of a friend that has been loaned him for his honeymoon, and inherits all of John's troubles, including Jennie, a very up-to-date typewriter, to say nothing of a casual burglar. Very swift and funny and strongly recommended.

Price, 15 cents

LOCAL AND LONG DISTANCE

A Farce in One Act

By H. Manley Dana

One male, six female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, one interior. Plays half an hour. George Davis, home from Yale with a broken leg, is left in charge of the house for an hour of a rainy day, and thus anchored trouble revolves around him like a wheel, largely turned by the charming Kitty Parsons who takes this chance to be revenged upon him for a little slight. Irresistibly funny to all telephone users. Strongly recommended.

Price, 15 cents

THE FAMOUS BROWN *vs.* BROWN SEPARATE MAINTENANCE CASE

A Woman's Suffragette Mock Trial

By Lilian Clisby Bridgham

Four males, twenty-eight females. Costumes, modern and eccentric; scenery, unimportant; can be done on a platform if desired. Plays an hour and a half. A very lively and up-to-date entertainment, especially suited for womens' clubs. Full of opportunities for local hits. Printed with full directions as originally produced in Somerville, Mass.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

MRS. JENKS, *judge.*

MRS. CLARK, *clerk.*

MRS. OLIVER, *court crier.*

MRS. BURNHAM, *district attorney.*

MISS LINCOLN, *defendant's counsel.*

MRS. ELIZABETH BROWN, *plaintiff.*

MRS. SARAH WHITE, *plaintiff's mother.*

MRS. BURTON, *plaintiff's sister.*

MRS. CURRIER, *plaintiff's chum.*

MRS. HARRIET BROWN, *defendant's mother.*

MISS ADAMS, *delicatessen store bookkeeper.*

LEONARD BROWN, *defendant.*

JAMES MORTON, *janitor.*

KENNETH BAKER, *telegraph boy.*

ETHEL BURTON,

RANDOLPH CLARK, } *mischievous children.*

MRS. EDITH BLAKE, *forewoman of jury.*

THE GREEN BIRD

A Farce Comedy in Three Acts

By J. U. Harris

Eight males, four females. Costumes, modern; scene, an interior. Play: two hours. Two young men on a bet go in search of a young lady with a green bird on her hat. They run into all sorts of complications, interfere with an elopement, and their purpose becoming known, run into a perfect flock of green birds of all sizes and kinds and ferocity and get sadly mixed up. A very lively play, full of action and fun and strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

A HALF BACK'S INTERFERENCE

A Farce in One Act

By M. N. Beebe

Ten males. Costumes, modern; scenery, unimportant. Plays forty minutes. Jack Drew, rusticated at Hiram Pepper's farm, is able to show him the advantages of a college education by saving him from a swindler, and so wins his consent to sending his son, Bud, to college. Very easy; full of action and interest; all the parts good. Strongly recommended.

Price, 15 cents

PICKING A WINNER

A Farce in Three Acts

By MacPherson Janney

Nine males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays two hours. Three foreign noblemen in pursuit of the millions of an American heiress disguise themselves as a cook, a chauffeur, and a butler, and enter her employ. The police force of McNabb, Ill., embodied in a rustic disciple of Sherlock Holmes, misconceives them and causes a lot of fun for everybody but them. Very funny and original and strongly recommended. Professional rights reserved. *Price, 25 cents*

CHARACTERS

SIR FRANCIS MACDONALD, *who wants Blanche.*

COUNT ALEXANDRE, *who wants Blanche's money.*

THE EARL OF NORTON, *also desirous of Blanche's coin.*

THE GRAND DUKE RUFFIEVITCH, *equally keen after Blanche's wealth.*

COL. ARTHUR HOPKINS, *the police force of McNabb, Illinois.*

FRED
MERVYN } *three gilded youths.*
FRANK }

HAWKINS, *Lady Janet's butler.*

BLANCHE KANE, *an American heiress.*

LADY JANET MACDONALD, *Sir Francis' aunt.*

ISABELLE FOSTER
OLGA FOSTER } *three American heiresses.*
STELLA FOSTER }

THE FIRST NATIONAL BOOT

A Farce in Two Acts

By M. G.

Seven males, two females. Costumes, modern; scenery, a single interior. Plays one hour. Intended to be played by male actors only. Isry Ebbetts's distrust of banks leads him to keep his money in a rubber boot. The fact that he never banks his receipts and his known possession of the "Ebbetts fortune" make him an object of interest to Nine-Fingered Pete and others, including two suffragettes with prohibition ideas. His troubles are many, but he comes out all right. Very funny. Can be recommended. *Price, 15 cents*

CHARACTERS

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EDDY RIAS, *his clerk.*

ANDREW STRONG, *a mysterious stranger from Portland.*

FRANCESCA WILLETS } *members of Hamden's*
EDWINA BEMIS } *Reform League.*

ARCHENBACHUS HERODOTUS SNOOZE, *a member of Pinkum's Detective Agency.*

FOGGERTY YOUNG, *town constable.*

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Price, 25 cents

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		<i>Male</i>	<i>Female</i>
ONE LITTLE SHOE	Dramatic Sketch	1	1
JUST NOTIONS	Farcical "	1	1
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MARINDA'S BEAUS	Comic Pantomime	2	1
1750-1912			2

CASTE

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THE SCHOOLMISTRESS Farce in Three Acts. Nine males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY Play in Four Acts. Eight males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

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